

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

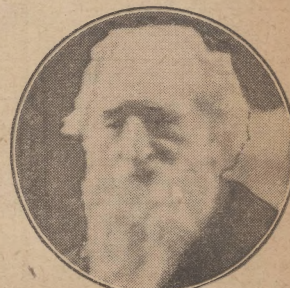
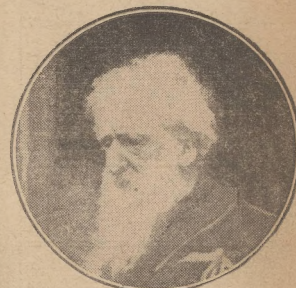
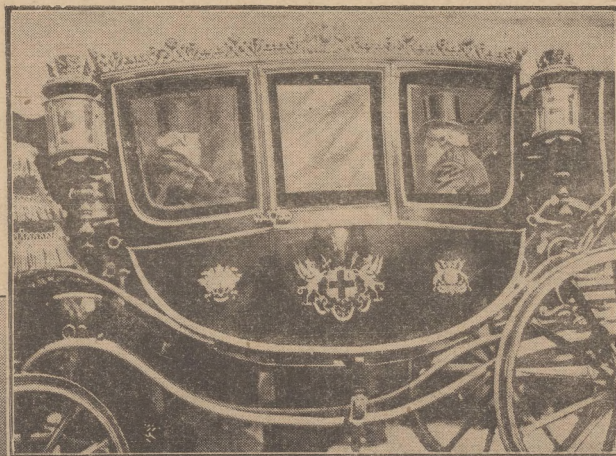
No. 620

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as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## LONDON'S NEW FREEMAN: CITY HONOURS GENERAL BOOTH.



Yesterday London rendered its highest honour to General Booth by conferring on him the Freedom of the City. The large picture shows the "General" addressing the huge audience in the Guildhall, a striking contrast to the contumely and insults which a few years ago were heaped on him and his followers. On the top is shown General Booth driving with the Lord Mayor in his coach to luncheon. The smaller pictures show characteristic expressions of the General when addressing his followers.



## BIRTHS.

CHITTY.—On the 22nd inst., at 27, Hereford-square, S.W., the wife of Arthur J. Chitty, of a daughter.

STRAKER.—On the 24th inst., at Banville, Belmont, Sutton, the wife of Lionel Vincent Straker, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

WILGESS—WOODWARD.—On October 23, at St. Luke's, Battersea, by the Rev. Rev. the Bishop of Lincoln, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Canon Drakine Clark, John Henry Paquhar, M.B., B.C., Carfax, of Folkestone, youngest son of the late Rev. George Frederick Wilgess, to Florence Edith, third daughter of the late Thomas Woodward, of Feltham.

WILLUGHBY—CHRISTIE.—On October 19, by the Rev. John Draper, at St. Paul's, Hammer-smith, Lewis Willoughby, to Vera Christie, youngest daughter of the late J. R. Christie, F.R.S.

## DEATHS.

DALTON.—On the 24th, at 60, Montpelier-road, Brighton, Mary Ann, widow of Rev. Arthur Dalton, and formerly widow of Robert Haubury, of Boishall, Tansworth.

HOVE.—On October 24, at 11, Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, Robert Hove, aged sixty-eight.

RUTHERFORD (by cable).—On 23rd inst., of pneumonia, at Bhamo, Upper Burma, Andrew John Rutherford, eldest surviving son of A. D. Rutherford, of the London City and Midland Bank Limited, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C., and 16, Roden-hurst-road, Clapham-park, S.W., aged twenty-four years and one day. Friends please accept this (the only) intimation.

## PERSONAL.

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\* \* \* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of nine words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st. London.

## HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

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## COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE

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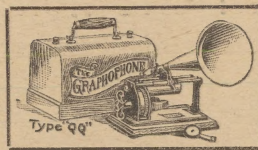
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SILAS K. HOCKING'S

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Price 6s.

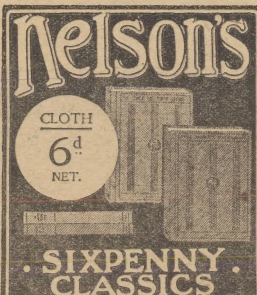
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## CITY HONOURS FOR GENERAL BOOTH.

Freedom Conferred on Aged Salvation Army Leader.

### MEMORABLE SCENE.

Cosmopolitan Gathering at the Quaint Guildhall Ceremony.

The Banqueting Saloon of the Guildhall, the scene of so many historic pageants, witnessed yesterday what was perhaps in some respects the most remarkable of all, the apotheosis of William Booth, the Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army.

Kings, warriors, and statesmen innumerable have stood beneath the flower-crowned dais to receive the honour of admission to the Golden Book of the City of London. William Booth is the first representative of clericalism in any form who has been privileged thus to receive the Freedom.

The avenues to the historic fane were thickly lined from an early hour by crowds of spectators, whose general sombreness of garb was lit up by frequent splashes of scarlet—the jerseys of the rank and file of the army.

Another contingent of the army, 1,000 strong, had been drawn up to escort their honoured leader through the City to the Guildhall. It had been originally intended that the General should accompany them on foot, but this was deemed an inadvisable fatigue by his medical advisers. The General, though an amazingly strong man for his age, is none the less but four years short of eighty. So he came in a cab, surrounded by his enthusiastic bodyguard.

#### SALVATIONISTS FROM EVERY LAND.

At point to point along the route other groups of Salvationists had gathered to lead the cheering, which was continuous along the entire route. Australia, Canada, India, and Africa were all represented, and seven Continental countries had sent delegates. The progress through Queen Victoria-street, in which the army headquarters are situated, was a veritable royal procession, and the General was greeted with storm on storm of cheering.

Within the building the two sets of seats allotted to the public were packed almost to suffocation, and the rows of chairs fronting the dais filled rapidly and quietly with Common Councillors and their friends, under the tactful guidance of the members of the City Lands Committee, conspicuous by their slender white wands tipped with silver.

A few minutes before the time appointed for General Booth's arrival the central platform began to fill with aldermen, radiant in their scarlet cloaks and golden chains. Then came the Lord Mayor, preceded by the bearers of the City mace and sword. A moment later a sound of vociferous cheering, softened by distance, is heard.

#### QUAINT FORMULAS.

The roar deepens, and is again and again renewed, as the white locks and flowing beard of the General are seen mounting the steps leading to the dais. Tall, gaunt, but erect, he stood to acknowledge his reception, a venerable, patriarchal figure.

The quaint formulas—immemorably old—are gone through. William Booth is presented by his sponsor, the Town Clerk, as "a good and true man," a loyal subject of our Sovereign King. The oath is read by the General. He binds himself, among other things, to keep the King's peace in his own proper person, and the entire assembly laughs hugely at the comic intonation he puts upon the words. He signs the oath, and the City Chamberlain rises, and reads, in a clear and sonorous voice, a brief address, touching on the salient points of the General's life work, and ending by offering to the new Freeman "the right hand of City Fellowship."

Plaudits that shake the walls of the Guildhall, again and again repeated, resound as the veteran rises to respond.

His first words are somewhat slow and hesitating, and the voice is at first a little tremulous; but soon the thin figure straightens, and the penetrating words which have stirred millions of hearts the wide world over ring out. A memorable voice, and not the less so for the broad provincial accent the General has never cared either to correct or conceal.

He tells the story of his early struggles, of his long and busy manhood, of his not less busy age, now sweetened by assured success. He looks forward hopefully to years of work to follow, and tranquilly to the day when he will leave the good work in the hands of his children and grandchildren. Amid a pin-drop silence he speaks of his wife, of her helpful courage and untiring devotion to the cause. Again and again the cheers ring out, and the great hall slowly empties of its serried crowd.

## CONSERVATIVE WINS AT HAMPSTEAD.

Mr. Fletcher Retains Seat for the Unionists After Severe Struggle.

### MAJORITY 422.

Polling in the by-election at Hampstead yesterday resulted in the return of Mr. J. S. Fletcher, the Conservative candidate.

The figures, which were declared at a late hour last night, are:—

Mr. J. S. Fletcher (Unionist) ...	4,225
Mr. G. F. Rowe (Liberal).....	3,803
Unionist majority .....	422

Despite the lateness of the hour there was a crowd of nearly 6,000 persons outside the Town Hall, Haverstock-hill, where the votes were counted, waiting to learn the result. The announcement of Mr. Fletcher's return was the signal for scenes of tremendous enthusiasm amongst his supporters.

The result, of course, makes no difference in the representation of the constituency. The figures at the last election, in 1902, were as follow:—

Mr. T. Milvain (Conservative) .....	3,843
Mr. G. F. Rowe (Liberal).....	2,118

Conservative majority .....

Prior to this the seat had been uncontested since 1892, when Mr. Brodie Hoare (Conservative) was returned by a majority of 1,609 votes.

The present by-election was made necessary by the appointment of Mr. Milvain, the sitting member, to be Judge-Advocate-General, Mr. J. S. Fletcher being the Unionist candidate on this occasion.

Little excitement marked the polling during the early stages, but in the late afternoon and early evening the polling-stations were kept extremely busy. The numerous City men in the constituency were too great a hurry to catch their trains in the morning, and left the task of registering their votes until their return from business in the evening.

Up to five o'clock just over half the voters had been to the poll. At this hour great activity was displayed, and staffs of workers on behalf of both candidates were dispatched to the railway stations to ascertain whether the passengers arriving had recorded their votes, and, if not, they were at once driven to the polling-booths. From six o'clock up to half-past seven, despite the rain, there was a great rush of voters, and during the last half-hour some scenes of excitement prevailed as carriage after carriage drove up at a great pace with belated electors.

### "BATTLEFIELD OF NATIONS."

Foreign Minister Warns Belgium She Must Be Prepared for European Complications.

"The soil of Belgium might become the battlefield of the nations. If we are able to endow our country with the means of defence which we propose the Chamber will have done its duty. If not, it will be incurring a terrible responsibility."

In these words, yesterday, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the Belgian Chamber at Brussels supported the Port of Antwerp Bill.

He laid stress (says Reuter) upon the international duties of Belgium to the Powers signatory to the protocol of the Treaty of London, by which the neutrality of Belgium was guaranteed, and she was obliged to be in a position to defend her neutrality.

He recalled the declarations of eminent foreign statesmen to the effect that Belgium must be in a position to defend herself against a possible invasion.

### NOVELIST LIVED ON OATMEAL.

Lecturing on the early life of Mr. George Meredith last night, Mr. Murray said there was a legend that he started on literary life with one guinea.

With this he bought a sack of oatmeal, on which he lived while he wrote his first novel.

### VOTING FOR A KING.

CHRISTIANIA, Thursday.—According to the "Verdens Gang," the plebiscite on the Norwegian succession question will be held on November 12, and the Government may previously address a proclamation to the people.

The Karlstad agreement between Norway and Sweden will be signed to-night.—Reuter.

During the last month heavy shipments of ordnance have been sent to Tientsin by German makers. The German firms are working up to their full strength to fill the Chinese Government contracts, and many other steamers are to be dispatched shortly from Hamburg to Tientsin.

## THE KAISER'S TOAST.

"Powder Dry, Sword Keen, Muscles Taut, and Away with Pessimists."

BERLIN, Thursday.—The statue erected to Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, in the Koenig-platz here, was unveiled at noon to-day in the presence of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince, and the royal Princes. The ceremony was of a purely military character.

At a banquet given in the White Hall at the Palace this evening the Emperor William proposed the following toast:—

"Let us dedicate two glasses to this day. One to the past and its memories. In sincere thankfulness to Providence, which in great days gave the great Emperor his plodding, let us drink the first glass, which is dedicated to the memory of his Majesty the Emperor William, and his greatest General, and let us drink it in silence."

The toast having been honoured, the Emperor continued: "The second glass is for the future and the present. You have seen, gentlemen, how we stand in the world. Then, powder dry, sword keen, eyes on the goal, muscles taut, and away with pessimists. I empty my glass to our people in arms. The German army and the General staff. Hurrah!"

The orchestra played the York March as the toast was drunk.—Reuter.

### TOO FOND HUSBAND.

Wife Runs Away Because He Kissed Her 932 Times in One Day.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Because her husband was too fond of her, it was stated at the Assize Courts yesterday, the wife of M. Baudent, a dealer in crockeryware, ran away after a fortnight of married life, and returned to her parents' home.

During the honeymoon he continually had his arm round her waist, whispering words of love in her ears, and one day she avowed she received no fewer than 932 kisses. Unable to endure this, she fled, and began divorce proceedings against her too amorous husband.

On April 5 last, while both parties were at the law courts, M. Baudent fired at his wife with a revolver, but missed her. At the wedding trial the jury were much affected by his behaviour, and acquitted him. In answer to his wife's recriminations he said pathetically, "I have loved you passionately ten years past. You have never loved me."

It is expected that his wife will now withdraw the divorce proceedings.

### ENGLAND'S OFFER TO FRANCE.

Great Britain's Support Had a Calming Influence on Germany.

PARIS, Thursday.—In the third and concluding article on the subject of German hostility towards France in the Morocco question, the "Echo de Paris" to-day relates how Germany, although her policy was ostensibly directed against M. Delcassé, became increasingly exacting after his resignation. The article continues:—

Towards the middle of June matters reached such a stage that France informed Great Britain of the want of good will on the part of Germany.

"Some days afterwards Lord Lansdowne officially informed Count Wolff Metternich, the German Ambassador in London, that if Germany ever attacked France the latter would be assisted by the whole fighting strength of the British Empire. This was the second time within a month that he had offered her support."

"Germany became calm," the article concludes.—Reuter.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

With the Prince and Princess of Wales on board, H.M.S. Renown, says Lloyd's, reached Port Said yesterday afternoon.

The funeral of Colonel Frank Rhodes will take place at Dalham, near Newmarket, to-day, the body having arrived at the church last night from South Africa.

Tangier telegrams announce that the brothers Valiente have killed six Anghera brigands who claimed a share of the arms and ammunition obtained on the release of the British officers.

At the Maritime Hall, Limehouse, last night Sir H. Samuel, M.P., was presented with an illuminated address in recognition of his efforts in connection with the Shipowners' Negligence Remedies Bill.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Mild, misty, and damp; with rain at times locally. Lighting-up time: 2.41 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

## MOB LAW IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Railway Strike Threatens to Develop Into Revolution.

### FIERCE STREET FIGHTS.

Tsar Said To Have Decided on a Constitution—Count Witte as Premier.

Once again Russia is threatened with revolution. Tsardom has survived many portentous shocks during the last year, but the present trouble seems to be greater than any before.

An Exchange message says that St. Petersburg is crowded with troops, and the wildest rumours are afloat that a provisional government will be established. Some of the troops have joined the strikers, and a great massacre is expected. Bombs in large quantities have arrived.

It is stated that martial law will be proclaimed to-day. The Governor of Kharkoff has been arrested.

It is not only a strike of workmen, or a rising of Polish malcontents. It is a gigantic labour war, in which—most ominous sign of all—the minor officials show a tendency to sympathise practically with the strikers.

Through the strike of railway workmen the three principal cities of the empire, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, are practically cut off from the outside world. Mob law reigns in the capital. Mobs are looting the shops, and come into armed conflict with police. In some places something like pitched battles have taken place.

The underlying idea of the strike is political rather than industrial, and this aspect of the matter is so well recognised by the Ministers of State that a statement was issued last night that the Tsar has decided to grant a Constitution on similar lines to that of Germany. So often, however, have the people been deceived that the effect of this announcement is doubtful.

### SHOPS PLUNDERED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—A conflict occurred last evening at the Nikolai station between a party of engine-drivers who wished to take out a train, and some strikers. Revolver shots were exchanged and several persons were killed or wounded.

The shops in the Vassilievsky Ostroff quarter are rapidly closing, and the shutters are being put up. Several shops have been plundered.

The police are proceeding through the streets ordering "Dvorniki" (house porters) and shopkeepers to close their doors at once.—Reuter.

PARIS, Thursday.—According to the latest dispatches from St. Petersburg the situation there is growing desperate. The troops are unable to restore order, despite numerous charges by the cavalry, and absolute panic prevails. Apparently the Government is unable to realise the gravity of the situation.

Seven thousand workmen organised a meeting at the Nevski works, St. Petersburg, yesterday. Two sotnias of Cossacks appeared and attacked the workmen, wounding about 100. An officer and seven Cossacks were injured by stones.—Reuter.

### PRINCE HELD UP.

BERLIN, Thursday.—The Russian railway strike is making itself appreciably felt in Berlin, the chief stopping-place on the route between London and St. Petersburg. Numbers of travellers bound for St. Petersburg or other parts of Russia have been forced to wait here.

Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia had a somewhat adventurous return from Russia, and some anxiety was felt regarding his safety in Court circles. At Warsaw the administration of the Warsaw-Vienna Railway refused to accept responsibility for conveying the Prince, who thereupon decided to make use of a Court train, which he had to send for from Berlin.

A military escort of fifty men accompanied the train to Alexandrovo, in view of the possibility of an attack by strikers, and the train travelled cautiously till the frontier was reached.—Reuter.

### COUNT WITTE AS PREMIER.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The Council of Ministers, sitting at the palace of the Dowager-Empress yesterday evening, definitely decided in favour of the establishment of a Cabinet.—Reuter.

According to the "Temps" of Paris, Count Witte has been appointed Premier, with very extensive powers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—By an Imperial decree countersigned by the Grand Duke Vladimir, in command of the St. Petersburg Military District, the troops constituting the garrison of the capital are placed under the orders of General Treppoff, the Governor-General of the city.—Reuter.



## THE SINS OF THE OPEN GRATE.

Government Action To Find the Ideal Means of Heating Rooms.

### TO OBIVIATE FOG.

The article in the *Daily Mirror* on "Shivering England" has aroused great interest, and people of all kinds are making suggestions as to the ideal means of heating rooms so as to afford a comfortable warmth without too much consumption of coal.

The open grate stands condemned. What shall take its place?

On this point some interesting experiments are being made by the Government on the new Office. The idea is not only to get a maximum of warmth, but also to help to obviate that great winter enemy of London, the fog, of which we had our first real taste yesterday.

H.M. Office of Works, in conjunction with the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, will shortly hold a series of tests in order to discover an open grate that will really give out a reasonable volume of heat and with the smallest possible amount of smoke. Manufacturers have been invited to submit grates for the competition on the understanding that the results are to be published. There has been a splendid response, and more than a hundred grates have been sent in.

#### Testing the Grates.

The tests will take place in a series of rooms set apart for the purpose in the new Government buildings now in course of erection at the corner of Parliament-street and Great George-street. They will extend over three days, and in order to give as fair a comparison as possible, each grate will be tried on each of the three days.

The test is a severe one. Before being placed in the grate the coal will be carefully weighed. The fires will be lit at 9 a.m., and they will be fed until the thermometer in each room shows a temperature of 20deg. F. above that of the hall outside.

The time of each stoking will be carefully noted. At 5 p.m. the fire will be drawn, and when cold the unburnt cinders will be weighed, and the amount deducted from that of the coal put throughout the day on the fire. Overseers will, throughout the day, go from room to room in order to see that the programme is carefully adhered to.

The amount of smoke thrown off will be observed as follows:—On the opposite side of the street, and commanding a clear view of the chimneys under which the testing fires are burning, will be stationed another set of men, one to each chimney.

#### Consuming Its Own Smoke.

Each will observe the amount of smoke thrown off during the test from his own particular chimney, and will carefully record it on a chart every five minutes by means of the series of smoke tins specially designed by the late Mr. Bryan Donkin.

When the tests are completed, the results will be tabulated in such a form as to show at a glance the relative performance of each grate in respect of coal burnt, heat generated, and smoke consumed.

Apart from the heating power of the grates, the discovery of a grate properly consuming its own smoke will, say the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, provide a key to the abolition of the "London particular." Fog is caused more by the smoke of household fires than by any other kind of fire.

By fog caused in this way, and damage to buildings by the smoke itself, it is estimated that every householder in London suffers to the extent of £50 a year.

### CHEAPER SANATORIA.

Princess Christian's Practical Aid to Needy Consumptives.

There has just been established through the Saturday Hospital Fund an association for providing cheap sanatoria for consumptives.

The charge in an ordinary sanatorium is two to three guineas a week for each patient. Consequently 8,000 London workers too poor to pay this charge die from the disease every year.

The new sanatoria, for the first of which a site has already been chosen near Hastings, will receive patients at the very low charge of 7s. 6d. a week.

"At the start," said an official of the association to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "we approached Princess Christian for the use of her name as patron, but her Royal Highness said, 'No,' as she wished to be actively, not passively, concerned in so good a cause, and asked to be put on our committees."

"So we made her president, and she is doing her utmost for us."

"Under overtime pay" to the amount of ninepence has been returned to the Chamberlain of the Exchequer by a conscience-stricken "Civil Servant."

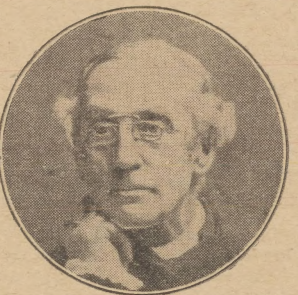
## ARCHBISHOP ILL.

Dr. MacLagan Collapses Suddenly While Speaking at York.

Much concern will be caused by the news that the Archbishop of York was suddenly seized by illness yesterday.

He collapsed while delivering his presidential address at the York Diocesan Conference, and had to be assisted from the room. The great anxiety which the painful incident caused was allayed to some extent by the Archbishop's physician, who was immediately sent for. He stated that his Grace had suffered one or two similar attacks, but they were of a functional nature only, and had had no bad results.

Archbishop MacLagan is now lying at Bishopthorpe, and the latest report of his condition was



Dr. MACLAGAN.

night was of a fairly reassuring character. Until, however, his complete recovery is reported, it is only natural that considerable anxiety will be felt.

The Archbishop, who is in his eightieth year, has never spared himself from hard work, leading a life of amazing activity. It is now fourteen years since he became Archbishop of York, having previously been Bishop of Lichfield for thirteen years. Before he took holy orders he held a commission in the Army and served for five years in India.

### M.P. OFFERS TO RESIGN.

Liberal's Sporting Challenge to Opponent Unionists on the Fiscal Question.

Mr. R. H. Mansfield, Liberal M.P. for the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, has offered to the Unionist Party to resign his seat.

He will do so on condition that the loser in the by-election pays the expenses of both sides, and that the winner be returned unopposed at the general election.

Why, he asked at a meeting in the Division last night, when he made the offer, should they wait longer in that constituency before coming to a decision on the fiscal question?

His majority at the last election was fifty-seven.

### THE PEACE RIOTS IN JAPAN.

Indiscriminate Slaughter by the Police—How Japan Was Forced To Make Peace.

Our correspondent at Tokio sends an interesting letter showing that the peace riots in the Japanese capital were much more serious than was shown in the censored accounts by telegraph.

"The world will never know," he says, "how many people were killed during the three nights of the riots. The police simply ran amok in places, and ran through or cut down everyone in reach. A friend of mine saw a policeman run a man clean through the stomach in the Ginza (the chief business street), and corpses were afterwards found in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners."

"I wanted to visit the Imperial Hotel the second night, and found all the approaches guarded by a strong force of infantry with fixed bayonets. Finally, I was escorted through the lines by a non-commissioned officer with fixed bayonet. "There is no doubt that Japan was in serious distress at the end of the war, and peace was necessary on any reasonable terms. Japan was beaten diplomatically, and the Japanese people are the first to recognise it."

### IRVING'S OLD SCHOOL BURNED.

The fire which on Wednesday destroyed warehouses and a number of dwelling-houses at Bristol began on premises formerly used as a school, at which the late Sir Henry Irving received his early education.

Another fire, doing damage to the extent of £4,000, occurred at Bristol yesterday.

## ROADSIDE MURDER.

Jury Hear the Full Story of the Girl Cyclist's Death.

### MURDERER POISONED.

In the little schoolhouse of the village of Bramdean, before the county coroner, the last pathetic chapter in the life of pretty Ethel Peeling, the eighteen-year-old girl brutally murdered by the roadside, was told yesterday.

It was a heartrending scene in that country schoolroom, with its rows of desks and the quaint old mottoes and texts upon the wall. Both the dead girl and boy were known to the villagers who composed the jury, and very sombrely, with drawn, set faces, they crossed the fields to view the bodies lying at the village inn. Upon their return the coroner called the first witness.

John Peeling, a tall, sturdy man with bluff red face, walked up with bowed head to the table. Sobriety shook him, and his voice failed as he told of how his only daughter set out for her weekly music-lesson on that Tuesday afternoon.

#### The Father's Story.

Mercifully there was little the sorrow-stricken father could tell. He knew of his daughter's acquaintance with the young gardener, and told how he had forbidden all sweethearts. "He was never inside my house," he said in a choking voice.

Then followed the other witnesses. Collins, the Alresford hatter, saw both youth and girl alive, he said, on Old Park Hill a few minutes before the tragedy. Mrs. Hawkins, a farmer's wife, in a trembling voice whispered that she saw the body by the roadside and called Mr. Podwick, a farmer, passing along the road, to her assistance.

Others told of the bloodstains which showed the crime must have happened lower down the road, where the girl's bicycle was found against a hedge, and by it her hat and music, with a man's cap and a blood-stained razor.

#### Died by Poison.

Alfred Jewell, father of the infatuated youth who committed the crime, could tell little save that his son had been ill, was consumptive, and after leaving the Bonchurch Convalescent Home was terribly depressed at times because he could get no work. He knew of his son's acquaintance with Miss Peeling, and "he seemed very fond of her," he gasped.

A friend of young Jewell told of a game of darts the night before the tragedy, and of how the youth now dead had said significantly, "This is the last game I shall play." Mr. Wansborough told of the finding of the dead body, at which the *Daily Mirror* photographer was present.

Dr. Oliver examined the dead man, and found that death was due not to strangulation or to the wounds in the throat, but to poisoning by cyanide or potassium.

With a word of sympathy for and to the parents, the foreman haltingly declared the jury found that Ethel Mary Peeling had been deliberately murdered by Arthur George Jewell, who had feloniously taken his life.

### POST OFFICE DELAY.

Private Telegrams About Inquest Take Three Hours to Reach London.

It has long been a matter of common knowledge, says the Central News Agency, that the delays to telegrams, both ordinary commercial and Press messages, have been steadily increasing for years past.

Yesterday, however, the Postal Telegraph Department almost broke its own record, utterly failing to make arrangements to deal with the traffic which it must have known would be created by the holding of the inquest upon the bodies of the victims of the Hampshire wayside tragedy.

The result was that even short private-rate messages occupied over three hours in transmission from Bramdean to London.

### DISTINGUISHED PATIENTS.

The following is the latest news concerning the distinguished invalids whose conditions are causing their friends anxiety.

Lord Beaumont: Still in weak condition.

Sir Trevor Cliphurst-Plowden: Very seriously ill.

Lord Curie: Passed a quieter night and day.

Owing to a cold Lord Stalbridge was unable to attend the funeral of Lord Leigh at Stoneleigh yesterday.

### BIG CHEQUE THEFT SEQUEL.

The Yokohama Specie Bank of London has consented to issue a duplicate of the draft for £51,640, lost by Lieutenant E. Kretschmar while journeying to Paris to catch it.

On a basis of 1 per cent. Lloyd's underwriters are guaranteeing against the original draft being presented and paid.

Four small wineglasses of the Jacobite period have fetched £14 17s. at Colchester.

## PALACE GOES BEGGING.

Only £35,000 Offered for the Late Whitaker Wright's Splendid Mansion.

Lea Park, the magnificent mansion and estate near Willey upon which Whitaker Wright is said to have spent £1,250,000, was offered for sale yesterday.

Four hundred people visited the place for the auction, but the result was disappointing. The estate was divided into fifty lots, of which forty-five were sold for £68,400.

The great house and the grounds surrounding it were offered in one lot. For this the first bid was £25,000, and bidding stopped when £35,000 had been reached. The lot was then withdrawn, the auctioneer remarking that this sum was less than the cost of the wall which the financier had had built round the estate.

This wonderful palace was constructed by Whitaker Wright from an Elizabethan mansion which he bought. He had three lakes made round it, adorned with splendid fountains, one of which consisted of a gigantic dolphin, weighing eighty tons, which was carved from a single block of marble.

Under one of these lakes was a large glass conservatory, from which the fish swimming in the lake above could be seen. This conservatory alone is said to have cost £25,000.

The cost of keeping up such an estate would, of course, be enormous, and this doubtless accounts for the absence of any serious bid for Lea Park.

### "BLUE" CATS IN FASHION.

But a Brown Tabby Wins the Championship at the Crystal Palace.

Three of the cats at the National Cat Club's Championship Show at the Crystal Palace yesterday were priced £1,000 each. One of these valuable animals was the property of Lady Decies, who is famed for the beauty and fine breeding of her cats.

There were hundreds of cats worth from £30 to £500 each, and their dignified bearing showed that they were fully aware of their beauty and value.

Grey cats predominated, more than two-thirds of the exhibits being of the fashionable shade known in the cat world as "blue," which is really grey.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein showed three of her pets bred by herself; and the championship was won by Brayford Doris, a brown tabby, the property of Miss R. Whitney.

### CHASING A LINER.

Ladies Miss the Boat at Queenstown, but Catch It by Means of a Fast Tug.

Enterprising p-sengers provided an interesting spectacle at Queenstown yesterday.

Getting into the wrong train at Dublin, Miss F. R. Eddy and Miss E. Eddy, of New York, arrived at Queenstown just in time to see the liner Cedric steaming out of the harbour.

So long as they could see the ship they were not at all daunted. They promptly chartered a tug steamer, and set out after the liner at full speed, the whistle being blown loudly and continuously.

Those on board the Cedric saw the purpose of the chase by the tug, and the great liner was stopped. Hearty cheers from the crowded decks of the liner greeted the ladies as they stepped triumphantly on board.

### CYCLISTS IN WAR.

Military Lecturer Urges Wheelmen's Clubs To Become Affiliated with the Volunteers.

Lecturing on military cycling at the Royal United Service Institution yesterday, Major Johnson urged that cycle and rifle clubs be affiliated with the Volunteers.

The Volunteer force had been the happy hunting ground for military cycling, and in it an appreciable advance had been made.

A cyclist, he pointed out, was far more self-sufficient than a cavalryman, and possessed marked ubiquity and power of concealment as a scout.

### BARONY CLAIMANT'S MARRIAGE.

Sir Bouchier Wrey, Bart., of Tavistock Court, Barnstaple, who has petitioned the King to revive the ancient barony of Fitzwarren in his favour, was married to Miss Jessie Fraser, daughter of the late Mr. W. Fraser, and a relative of Lord Lovat, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, yesterday.

### DOVER AS A NAVAL BASE.

Mr. Arnold-Foster, General Planner, and other members of the Army Civil Service visited Dover yesterday, and examined the surroundings in connection with the proposed land defences of the great naval harbour under construction.



## COUNTESS MENACED WITH A SWORD.

Frenchman of Pedigree and His  
English Wife.

### STRANGE DIVORCE STORY.

An extremely affecting idyll concerned with the loves and lovers' misunderstandings of Gustav Leon Albert, Count de Hamil de Manin, and his Countess Anna, came under the cognisance of the Divorce Court yesterday.

To appreciate fully how very romantic the idyll is, it is necessary to get a complete idea of the exalted position of the Count.

He is descended in a direct line of counts from the Court Chamberlain of Charles X., King of France, and this chamberlain himself could number a line of twenty-three successive counts in his pedigree.

Before she became a Countess the Count's wife, who is petitioning for divorce on the ground of cruelty and infidelity, was a Mrs. Ingham. She had lived unhappily with Mr. Ingham, and had separated from him.

The Count, too, had been divorced from his first wife, so that when they met they found that they had many things in common. All obstacles to their union having been removed they were married in 1888.

It was shortly after this that the intense part of the romance begins. As became a gentleman of France and a Count de Hamil de Manin, the Count was very valorous. It was stated in court that when he retired at night he unsheathed his sword and kept it bare by his bedside. Thus he was in a position to resent any intrusion of burglars or other enemies.

#### Brandished a Sword.

The Countess declares—this is one of the incidents on which she bases her charge of cruelty—that on a certain occasion the Count violently brandished his drawn sword, at the same time making demands for money and announcing that there would be bloodshed.

That the last of a long line of martial counts should brandish a sword did not surprise the Divorce Court which is callous towards ordinary romance, but there was some little sensation when it was also stated that the Count tossed his knife and fork up in the air, like an acrobat, and jumped over the dining-room table.

It was suggested that the Count's displays of what was taken for temper were caused by a dispute about varying the settlement of £25,000, which his wife had inherited.

Count and Countess parted in 1894, but the Countess agreed to take him back because he wrote from Ostend that the separation was threatening him with brain fever.

However, at Scarborough, where they were reunited, there was an incident which resulted in the Count's head going through the glass of a window.

Through all these times of stress the Count, in his letters to the Countess, maintained the gallant tone of tenderness that is one of the charms of a gentleman of France. This fact was urged by his counsel as tending to show that the Count really did not ill-use the Countess.

#### Love Letters of a Count.

The following are some of the tenderest of the Count's letters. They display poetic feeling that may have been inherited from Troubadour times:

My Own and Only Darling.—Let me implore you to forgive me if I have offended you in the innocence of my heart.

I can only express my deep regret at this misunderstanding of one another's character. Heaven knows that I love you sincerely. I learnt from the solicitor that money was the root of all the evil.

My Own Darling Little Wife.—I have just been reading the letters written by you before our marriage. Your letters are all so poetical and sublime. They might have been written by an angel.

In the name of Heaven, Annie, I ask you what I have done to deserve all this. Whatever my failings may be, I declare before God, Annie, you are the only woman I have ever loved.

As long as we were undisturbed by outside influences we were as happy as angels.

This latter missive was sent after the Count's head went through the Scarborough window.

The Countess in her replies showed the "poetical and sublime feeling" to which the Count so gracefully referred. She wrote thanking him for three butterflies, which she said she would cherish for the donor's sake. She also said:—

My Own Darling.—I hope you had my wire in-time to satisfy your mind that we were safely in the flesh and not gone to be attendant spirits to those we adore on earth.

It will be like old times with my dear old sweetheart. Yes, and I am thine.—Your own darling loving Wife.

The case was adjourned.

## WILD DAYS OF MOTORING.

Hon. C. S. Rolls Relates Some Amusing  
Experiences on the Road.

Lecturing at the Ladies' Automobile Club yesterday on his experiences as a motorist, the Hon. C. S. Rolls sighed for the "good old days" when motoring was an exciting sport and not merely an exercise, as now.

Exciting was certainly the term to apply to some of the experiences he recounted. He was arrested at Victoria Station for driving more than two miles an hour with a man with a red flag in front; three times he had a boiler burnt up on the road; twice he had a car burnt up; once he had to push a car three miles in dress clothes; once he had to be towed out of a bog; once he had a horse and cart on top of him; once he ran into a tree at seventy miles an hour; twice he was overturned; and once he had his head bashed in by the starting handle.

One of his most amusing experiences was being mistaken for dead when lying under the car examining the clutch. An old lady suddenly shouted out: "Oh, there's a man been run over and killed by a motor-car."

### IMPERVIOUS TO HOSPITALITY.

Tactless Customer Who Defied Even the  
Mellow Influence of Luncheon.

The long firm fraud charge involving £30,000 was again investigated at the Guildhall yesterday, when the alderman intimated that he would at the next hearing commit for trial the four accused—William Leslie, electrician; William Thomas Rosenberg, chauffeur; George Webber, ironmonger; and Frances Chessman, typist.

The main facts have already been published. One of the witnesses yesterday remarked that when Leslie went to his firm to order goods in Webber's name he said he was not quite satisfied, so he took him out to lunch to try to find out the truth.

Under the mellow influence of lunch, did you find out the truth?—No. I cross-examined him, but he was a dismal failure.

He added witness to a further question, he had written down every article supplied to Webber, he would have had enough invoices to paper all the walls of that court.

### "SPORTSMAN" AND THE CAT.

Sentence for Cruelty by a Master of Otter  
Hounds Reduced on Appeal.

Their punishment being deemed excessive, the sentences of one month's hard labour, in the case of W. L. Bell, then master of the Cheriton Otter Hounds, and of a fortnight's hard labour in the case of John Church, one of the whips, were, on an appeal at Barnstable yesterday, reduced to fines of £5 each.

It was stated in July that in a mound of earth in a wooden shute, round which the two men were standing, was found the mauled and warm body of a cat, while a yelping terrier, with an ear bleeding, was emerging from the shute. It was shown that Church had purchased a number of cats for two shillings each.

The defence was that the cat was dead when placed in the shute, and the terrier's wound had been previously inflicted. A number of cats had been purchased by mistake, and afterwards liberated.

Bell was instructed to give £100 to Barnstable Infirmary.

### FLEEING THE STORES.

Ingenious Conspiracy Between Assistants and  
a Ticket-Holder.

"This is no occasion for leniency. It is a very bad case, and if it were sent for trial on a conspiracy charge the punishment would probably be severe."

With these remarks, Mr. Curri Bennett, at Westminster, yesterday, sentenced Michael John Lyons, John Henry Wilson, and William John Taylor to five months' hard labour, the first two for stealing and the latter for receiving property belonging to the Army and Navy Stores at Westminster.

Lyons and Wilson had been assistants at the stores—the former for twenty years—and Taylor was a tailor, who was a ticket-holder at the stores.

Large parcels of goods were handed to Taylor by the two assistants, who made out the counter-fil bills for some articles of small value, so that the transaction awakened no suspicion.

The prosecution had no idea how long this system had been going on.

### LAW ON FIREGUARDS.

"Some measure should be framed by Parliament so as to make it criminal on the part of parents not to provide fireguards when children are about."—Dr. Waldo yesterday in the South-west Corner's Court.

## "ANARCHY" AND LAW.

More About the Strange Case of  
Detective and Revolutionaries.

### ANARCHIST OR DEALER?

The chief point in yesterday's hearing of the mysterious "Anarchist" libel case was raised by Mr. Justice Ridley, who asked, "Where is the other brother?"

It will be remembered that ex-inspector John Sweeney, in his book, "At Scotland Yard," described a Luigi Parmeggiani, an art dealer, as a prominent Anarchist. Mr. Luigi Parmeggiani, the art dealer, is claiming damages for libel on the grounds that it is his brother, who is also named Luigi, that is the Anarchist.

The defence of Mr. Sweeney is that the art dealer and the Anarchist are one and the same person. This is the contention that Mr. Shearman was endeavouring to establish yesterday when the plaintiff, a swarthy, picturesque-looking Italian, stepped into the witness-box.

#### An Indignant Lady.

First Mr. Shearman asked a Mme. Carronis to stand up in court. Then he demanded of the plaintiff whether he had not lived with this woman, generally in one room, for seventeen years in various towns.

To a dozen questions on this point the plaintiff answered "No." Asked if he had deserted Mme. Carronis when he met a Mme. Escosura in 1892, he answered disdainfully, "Desert? She was my servant. I not desert my servant."

"I said Mme. Carronis, with a gasp of indignation."

It is asserted that Parmeggiani, the Anarchist, was a bootmaker. The plaintiff denied that he ever made a pair of boots. When Mr. Shearman produced a pair of boots and asked Mr. Parmeggiani if he had made them for Mme. Carronis, plaintiff asked to be allowed to look at them, and then said "No."

"If you never made a pair of boots, why did you ask to see them?" remarked counsel.

Plaintiff continued his series of "Noes" when asked whether Louise Michel had ever dined with him and Mme. Carronis, and whether Bourdain, the man who blew himself up at Greenwich was his friend.

#### Plaintiff Contradicts Himself.

He denied he knew two men named Creber and Fells. But when counsel asked whether these names were not among those of people who recommended him as a respectable person when he applied for naturalisation, Mr. Parmeggiani admitted that they used to be.

Then Messrs. Creber and Fells stood up in court, and the plaintiff said he recognised them.

"You now say that you know the men whom you just swore you did not know," said the Judge. "Who do you think can accept such testimony as that?"

M. Ravier, a French advocate, called in support of the plaintiff, after the latter's evidence was finished, said that the French Government withdrew its expulsion order against the plaintiff, because it was decided that a mistake about his identity had been made.

He afterwards corrected this statement. The document put in was not an annulment but permission for the plaintiff to go to Paris and return.

Then a photograph from the Paris police was put in, and Mr. Justice Ridley remarked that it was an excellent photograph of the plaintiff, whereupon Mr. Lawson Walton, plaintiff's counsel, retorted that brothers were often alike.

"Yes," said his Lordship, "but where is this other brother?" "Have you ever heard where he is?" he asked Mr. Ravier.

"Non," answered that gentleman, and his tone and shrug sent a ripple of laughter round the court.

The case was then again adjourned.

### SPLIT PEAS AS SEED.

Speaking at a meeting at the Mansion House yesterday in support of a scheme for establishing a school for the children of servants of the Empire, Sir A. Hume commended the Colonial side of such a college.

There used to be an idea, he said, that a young man directly he set foot in a colony could find employment. One such man, who started farming, sowed split peas.

### SHERRY A TEMPERANCE DRINK.

In these days of teetotalers and semi-teetotalers the dictum of a man fined for drunkenness at Tottenham yesterday is of interest.

"Sherry is a teetotaler's drink," he urged. "If that is so," retorted the magistrates, "there should be a great many teetotalers."

### TOO LIBERAL WORK-HOUSE DIET.

Overfeeding, according to evidence given at a Battersan inquest yesterday, was the cause of the death of a pauper in Wandsworth Workhouse.

## MONEY AND "SPIRITS."

Dispute Over £200,000 Bequeathed to  
a Woman Spiritualist.

A case similar to one in which the notorious "Swami" was concerned is reported from New York.

Mr. Reginald Ronalds, son of Mr. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, who died last Saturday, has commenced an action against a Miss Elizabeth M. Blake, to whom Mr. Ronalds, senior, before he died, transferred property worth about £200,000.

Mr. Ronalds alleges that the gifts were obtained by undue influence, and that his father was induced by means of spiritualism to transfer the property. The case is said to resemble the Diss de Buss case, in which a woman called Diss de Buss extorted large sums by means of spiritualistic trickery. This woman was the "Swami," who afterwards became notorious in England.

Under the names of "Theo Horos" and "The Swami," Frank and Laura Jackson started a strange sect in London in 1901, calling it the "Theocratic Unity."

On December 21, 1901, "Theo Horos" was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and the "Swami" to seven years for particularly disgraceful offences, the victim of which was a young girl.

The "Swami" was a notorious character in the United States, where she posed as a spiritualist, and she was sentenced to imprisonment for swindling in America about sixteen years ago.

### LIFE OF THE POOR.

Husband Arrested for Rates, Wife and  
Children Slowly Starving.

Between her sobs, a weak-looking woman—the wife of William Hiron, of Reeves-place, Hoxton—made a despairing plea to Judge Smyly, at Shore-ditch, against an order of ejection.

"I have no idea," she said, "where to go. They arrested my husband in bed yesterday for rates. I have no place to go to and no money. Do not send me to the workhouse. My six children and myself have had nothing to eat for two days. We are slowly starving."

Amid applause the Judge adjourned the case, and as Mrs. Hiron left several barristers handed her money.

### LADY'S £100,000.

Trustee Wishes To Be Relieved of Responsibility of Mrs. Chetwynd's Wealth.

A noteworthy case was recalled when Major John Nevinston yesterday asked the Chancery Court to relieve him from being a trustee of the marriage settlement of Mrs. Florence Mary Chetwynd, which concerned a sum of £100,000.

Under that settlement Mrs. Chetwynd's husband was allowed £300, but the parties were divorced, and under the alteration of the settlement that allowance was reduced to £200.

Proceedings in lunacy, which will be well remembered, were taken, and Mrs. Chetwynd was sent to the asylum, but, on appeal, she was released by the Lunacy Commissioners.

It was yesterday's order that Major Nevinston should apply for his discharge on the completion of the accounts of the estate.

### WOULD-BE BANKRUPT.

Debtor with 250 High Court Judgments Wants  
Money To File His Petition.

"I see you must be in a bad way," remarked Judge Smyly to a debtor up before him on a judgment summons at the Shoreditch County Court yesterday. "You have no fewer than 250 High Court judgments out against you."

Defendant: "That is a fact, and I expect some more if it goes on like this."

Judge: You had better be made bankrupt. You owe £400 or £500, and it is the only thing to do to protect yourself.

Defendant: I will when I can raise the money to become bankrupt. My wife has a business of her own.

Judge: Well, don't you go making any mistakes by buying goods in your own name. Buy them in the wife's. I will make no order.

### Given Away Weekly

TWELVE  
"CUP-TIE"  
FOOTBALLS.

SEE THE

"Illustrated Mail."

OUT TO-DAY. PRICE 1d.



## "THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME."

Our New Serial a Thrilling Tale  
Full of Love Interest.

WRITTEN BY AN ACTRESS.

There are occasions when prophecy is safe. The new *Daily Mirror* serial, "The Woman Tempted Me," which begins to-morrow, is a sure ground for prediction.

Never has a serial been launched with such confidence.

"The Woman Tempted Me" has every quality to make for success.

First and foremost it is a magnificent story, full of thrilling incident, brilliant character drawing, and exciting plot.

The opening of the story, which appears to-morrow, is so entirely novel a situation as to impress itself upon every reader at once.

Added to the story's own claims to success, there is yet another—the interesting personality of the authoress and the mystery surrounding her.

She has chosen to hide her personality under the pseudonym of Miss Annie Aumonier, and this, her first story will come as a surprise to her many friends when they find that she is in reality an authoress of most extraordinary talent.

### SECRET LITERARY AMBITIONS.

It is only quite lately that Miss Aumonier turned her attention to literature. Until quite recently she was an actress, and a clever one, too. But that career did not last long, for almost as soon as she had won her way to London from the provincial stage, she met her future husband, and after a few brief but brilliant successes, retired into private life as a happy bride.

"The Woman Tempted Me" has been written in secret. None of her friends, not even her husband, knew anything of her literary ambitions. She plays upon the theses which make up her story—love, crime, and repentance—with as certain a touch as an experienced novelist.

In a few weeks the two heroines of her romance, the central figure of her fallen hero, and Detective-sergeant Vance will have taken their places in the picture gallery of memory among the most cherished of the shadowy friends the magic mirror of the novelist has made known to us. Event is piled upon event, incident on incident, and the story is never for a moment allowed to flag. From the first chapter to the last its main element—the main element of all good melodramas, whether printed or acted—is surprise.

## SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

### Genesis of a Joke.

At any rate, we owe him (Mr. Alfred Austin) our thanks for putting his views in prose.—"*Daily Mirror*," October 15. Price One Halfpenny.

The Post Laureate, in writing to M. Clemenceau on the subject of Trafalgar, addressed him in prose. Mr. Austin has always been a true friend to M. Clemenceau.—"*Punch*," this week. Price Three-pence.

### Mr. Edison and Eating.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison says America is "food drunk," that people there eat too much sleep too much, and do not work enough. Sometimes they eat and sleep themselves into the grave. For two months he lived on four ounces of food for each meal, and it made him mentally brighter without diminishing his weight or strength. "It is appalling to know how professional men and others stuff themselves," he concludes.

### Looking for Another Pinero.

A remarkable competition has been arranged by the "Actor Illustrated," which has offered to produce, free of expense to the author, and with a first-class caste at a London theatre, the best play submitted to it by a writer who has not been produced. A committee of dramatic critics, amateurs, and managers will select the play. Those in charge of the arrangements say that some excellent plays have come in, and that in all probability at least one new Pinero will be discovered.

### Americans on Mr. Jerome.

The "New York World," which has joined the campaign against slang, thus reports a reading by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome:—

"Mr. Jerome K. Jerome offered eight or nine specimens of his mouse-coloured humour at the Empire Theatre yesterday afternoon to an audience that tittered in places and dozed in others. The solemn blinking of this English funny man made him funnier than he sounded.

His Cockney dialect was more entertaining than most of his yarns. He came it a bit strong with the tale of a stolen liver, and another about a hanging that groined with gallows yesterday afternoon to a gallows humour." But the doubtful taste of these was removed by the last reading, his simple and admirable description of the visit of Paul Kelvar's family to the theatre."

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Queen Alexandra expressed her sympathy with the Birmingham poor in a letter yesterday, but regretted that owing to the many calls on her charity just now she cannot assist the Birmingham Non-Unionist Unemployed Committee.

Approval was given at the Salford Diocesan Conference yesterday, by the Bishop of Manchester, to a proposal to divide his diocese into three parts, with headquarters at Manchester, Bolton, and Preston.

Deben Post Office, near Saffron Walden, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday. Two girls, named Catherine Hopkins and Maud Poole, were suffocated in a disastrous outbreak at Newport, Mon.

No bid was forthcoming when East Sheen Lodge, which is being given up by the Duke of Fife, was offered for sale at Tokenhouse-yard yesterday. It will, therefore, be sold privately.

Kingsway was opened for traffic yesterday, and omnibuses playing along the new route from the Strand to Holborn were well patronised.

Colonel Welby, M.P. for Taunton, has accepted an invitation to contest East Finsbury in the Conservative interest at the next general election.

Lord Stanley was refused a vote of thanks at Blackrod (Lancashire) yesterday after he had declined to answer certain questions on the postal service.

An immense concourse followed Lord Leigh's remains to their last resting-place at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, yesterday. King Edward telegraphed his condolences to the dead peer's family.

Complaints having been received from a Withington Workhouse inmate that her hair had been cut off against her wish, the Manchester Guardians have decided that written consent must be obtained in such cases in the future.

### "THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME."

This striking poster, which is so greatly admired, both in London and the provinces, heralds the commencement of a new and powerful serial in the "Daily Mirror" to-morrow. The story is written by that clever young actress, Miss Annie Aumonier.

Sir William Shelford, the eminent railway engineer, died worth £16,571.

Believing that the results will justify the expenditure, the Leeds education authority has arranged for a course of voice production for its teachers.

As a protest against the proceedings being held in private, the Birkenhead Liberals walked out of the council chamber when a question of law costs was being considered.

While actually sitting Stockport Town Council was "held up" by several hundreds of the unemployed. They handed to the mayor a resolution protesting against the inactivity of the District Committee and then quietly left the chamber.

For twelve hours two gamekeepers on Captain Wentworth's estate at Worsborough, near Barnsley, watched a spring trap, in which a pheasant had been caught. Then when William Bell came to release the bird their patience was rewarded, and the poacher was afterwards fined £3.

So much is heard nowadays of the exodus from the agricultural districts to large towns that the twenty-one years' service on one farm of a labourer at Thornton Curtis (East Yorkshire) establishes something of a record. He has walked thirty thousand miles to and from his work.

To avoid a halfpenny rate, the cost of the recent visit of the King and Queen to Manchester, amounting to between £8,000 and £9,000, is to be defrayed out of the reserve funds of the gas committee.

No fewer than 300 applications were received for the position of manager to the Harrogate Kursaal. Nine have been selected for final consideration.

To his surprise an Army Reservist, living at Redcar, has just received from the War Office a medal earned in an engagement thirteen years ago.

Mr. William Campbell, K.C., appointed Dean of Faculty at Edinburgh yesterday, is the first Roman Catholic to fill the post.

## MARKETS MARK TIME.

Profit-Taking Checks the Upward  
Tendency of Home Rails.

### KAFFIRS WEAK.

CAFE COURT, Thursday Evening.—The upward tendency of the stock markets received a check today. The outstanding feature of strength in the morning was Home Rails. Here no doubt speculation on the Stock Exchange itself had been a little too fast, but the investor is coming into the market in large numbers for small amounts of the best stocks, and this is the most satisfactory influence that the market can have.

Certainly the remarkable earnings figures at the present time justify this optimism on the part of the public. There seems to be a better disposition towards nearly all Home Railway securities, but there was a good speculative profit-taking tendency today, which left most stocks only a little better for the day, and a few of them, like Great Northern Deferred and the Scottish stocks, rather lower.

The strongest spots to-day were some of the Heavy rails, and Great Easterns, together with Metropolitan. The news about Dover as a naval base helped South-Eastern and Chatham descriptions materially. The close in the Home Railway market was above the Russian.

### EFFECT OF RUSSIAN STRIKE.

Home Rails, then, to some extent, but all other sections to a much greater extent, were affected at times by the weakness shown on the Continental bourses resulting in part from talk of dearer money there, but chiefly from the disturbed state of Russia. The American market, on a very good instance of the working of this influence. It seemed to be feared that the Continent would sell various stocks, but certainly, so far as could be seen, the Continent kept its head a good deal better than some of those who felt anxious about it.

It was said that the Russian loan was to be postponed, and that the Japanese loan was to come before it, but certainly, in a good many people had never expected to see the Russian loan this side the New Year, unless the needs of the country were very pressing indeed. Russian bonds were decidedly weak.

### ILL-ADVISED BANKET RIC.

There seemed to be a little forced liquidation again in Kaffirs, and also to some extent in Grand Trunks. When the markets waited to find further explanations for weakness, they also started a story of a failure in Glasgow, which was held accountable for the weakness of Kaffirs, Trunks, and Scottish rails.

Kaffirs recovered a little towards the finish, but Rhodesians were always very weak, and the Banket group showed signs of collapse, the ill-advised risk in these shares having brought into the market a lot of weaklings. Further, a market dispute is in progress about the introducing of certain copper shares, and, as this may lead to a lawsuit outside, the public may have certain object lessons not altogether calculated to impress them with the methods of certain Stock Exchange groups.

Other mining sections also showed signs of the general weakness, without there being much to discuss.

### STIFF CARRY-OVER CHARGES.

The Consols carry-over is approaching, and with money rather dear they expect stiff carry-over charges, and this was held to account for Consols being put down to 83. The Bank rate was, of course, unaltered, and the Bank return showed a reduction of £187,000 in the reserve, though this was not bad, in view of the fact that £1,000,000 had to be taken out of the gold stock and set aside against liabilities of the Indian Government.

American Rails we have referred to above, and both here and in the Canadian group the close was above the worst.

The drop of £200,000 in the colossal Costs net profits was attributed to the Russian labour troubles affecting the factories there. Nevertheless Costs were put down to 53; as there was no bonus. The Aerated Bread report showed a slight improvement in profits.

### HARMSWORTH LIBRARY.

Five New Volumes Now Ready, All of Them  
Standard Works.

The many thousands who were fortunate enough to secure the first ten volumes of the Harmsworth Library will be interested to know that five new volumes are now ready, bound in the same attractive way, and as well printed as the first ten.

The five new books are "Adam Bede," George Eliot's most famous novel; "Pickwick Papers," which made Dickens famous; the greatest of American novels—Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; the finest selection of poetry ever published—Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of English Poetry"; and David Livingstone's wonderful story of his travels in South Africa when he discovered the Victoria Falls. Other volumes are in preparation, and will be announced shortly. The price of each of the volumes of the Harmsworth Library is 1s., and they are obtainable at all booksellers.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at—

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 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflex," London.  
 PARIS OFFICE: 3 Place de la Madeleine

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

## AIMLESS REVOLUTION.

It will be curious to see whether British sympathy with the Russian revolutionaries keeps up. They are so impractical that it is a wonder they have had the businesslike Briton so long on their side—and when one recalls how the French Revolution shocked and horrified our great-grandfathers, it is more wonderful still. What a change has come over the British mind in the course of 120 years!

Our way of having revolutions is to aim at something definite—to make a King sign a charter and stick to it; or to cut a King's head off; or to shut up the Houses of Parliament for a while, having turned all the members out; or to frighten an unpopular Sovereign out of the country and invite another to come and take his place. In the past we have been very severe upon people who start revolutions without any clear idea of what they are going to do next.

That, so far as can be seen at this distance, is the case of the leaders of the Russian uprising, which is again in an acute stage just now. They are demanding a Parliament elected by Universal Suffrage—a "Constituent Assembly." Well, so did the leaders of the French Revolution, and they got it, and it made things in a far worse mess than they were in before.

All it did was to Destroy. It had no clear idea of building up, so it had to employ itself by knocking down. Is there any clear idea in the mind of anyone in Russia as to what the Constituent Assembly is to do? Utterly useless to gather several hundreds of excited Representatives of the People into a hall and expect them to create a new heaven and a new earth.

France discovered the truth of that, and paid for it by years of anarchy and massacre. Will Russia have to go through the same hideous experience? If so, there is a long Reign of Terror before her.

Will it never happen to one country to benefit by the past experience of another? Can we not hope that some leader may arise in Russia who will be able to direct the tremendous undisciplined energy of Revolt into a wise channel? Carlyle thought it was probably impossible for the old France to be abolished and the new France made without bloodshed and convulsions. Must sick Russia suffer the same bitter purge before she recovers her health?

Always in our British Revolutions there has been a group of men who knew what the nation wanted, and worked towards that methodically, step by step. Such a handful of Reformers in Russia might be able to get all that is needed done and yet keep their Revolution from being made a shuddering spot upon the page of History. But where are they to come from? The Hour is striking. The Men are awaited still. H. H. F.

## A LESSON FOR US ALL.

Twenty years ago, ten years ago even, the idea of presenting General Booth with the freedom of the City of London would have raised a howl of mindful indignation. Yesterday his patent citizenship was handed to him in a casket just as if he were a "General" in reality and had won great battles.

So he has won great battles—battles against poverty and crime, battles against the forces which drag men down, battles against prejudice and ridicule. Upon the long and famous roll of honorary freemen of London there is not the name of any man who deserved the honour better than William Booth.

This tardy recognition which has come to the founder of the Salvation Army ought to teach us a lesson. Never deride the methods of any man who is obviously in earnest. They may not appeal to you, but they may appeal to God. If they are bad, be sure they will cease. If they are good, then you are a hinderer of God's work. E. B.

## A THOUGHT OR TO-DAY.

Hitherto all miracles have been wrought by thought. Carlyle.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE early autumn and early spring seem, on the whole, to be the seasons generally most fatal to health in England, and just at present there is a formidable amount of illness in society. Great anxiety is felt, especially, about Lord Cottenham, who was taken seriously ill with pneumonia a day or two ago. He was in weak health for some time, too, at the beginning of this year, and his strength was severely taxed, but as he is only just over thirty there is every hope that he may recover rapidly. Lord Cottenham, most people will remember, is the representative of the famous family of Pepys, and is indirectly descended from the diarist who made himself immortal by his photographic account of his fussy little life under the Restoration.

Lord Cottenham's mother, Theodosia Lady Cottenham, has gone to Farley Hall, Staffordshire, where her son lies ill, to nurse him. She is in some ways of a different temperament from her son. Very popular in society, and one of the people whose business was discussed by everybody,

there, in a rather disquieting setting of odd pictures and decadent furniture, suggestive of spiritual adventures of a dangerous kind, he used to receive his chosen friends, Verelaine, I think, visited him there, for Mr. Symons was a great admirer of that Bohemian Socrates. Mr. Symons would listen to the talk, and then, in a slightly monotonous, somnolent voice, detail some misty impression of his own. His great defect, as the judicious admit, as a writer, is lack of originality, and someone once unkindly called him "an egoist without an ego." But no doubt, under the many artistic influences to which he has been subjected, which cover his true self like a series of masks, there is originality to be found—only too timid to bustle itself into the notice of men.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. James Wanklyn, M.P., has decided to resign his seat in Parliament. Perhaps his resignation is partly due to a desire to protest, in an effective manner, against the House of Commons hours, for he asserts that they are "beginning to tell upon his health." No doubt if they are, it is because Mr. Wanklyn takes them more conscientiously than the majority of his colleagues. He arrives early, votes methodically, and stays late, and the strain of politics is beginning to tell upon his powers as a player of golf.

It was as a golfer, rather than as a politician, so people used laughingly to say, that Mr. Wanklyn entered Parliament. And, certainly, Bradford, his

## THE TSAR AND THE REVOLUTION GENIE.



The Fisherman in the "Arabian Nights" had only one bottle imp to contend with. The Tsar is in worse case. No sooner has he bottled up the genie which brought him misfortune abroad than he finds the spirit of Revolt at home has got loose again.

she caused a mild "sensation" a good many years ago by joining the Roman Church and taking her clever daughter, Lady Mary Pepys, over with her. Lady Mary, like her brother, Lord Cottenham, has a weakness for amateur theatricals, but her friends do not find this so regrettable a taste in her as it is in most people, since she can act really well. She often appears at private houses in little French plays, and her impeccable accent would make the average Parisian ashamed of himself.

Mr. John Lavery seems to be a painter better known and honoured on the Continent than in his ungrateful native England, and his appointment as one of the judges who are to award the prizes at the Art Exhibition in Venice is only one out of many recognitions he has received from abroad. His pictures are to be seen in municipal galleries in Paris, Munich, Berlin, Brussels, as well as in many others scattered over America and the Colonies. But in England we have a habit of leaving artists alone, until they become so celebrated that their work is, so to speak, forced upon us, and even then our authorities fume and grumble at having to revise their opinions about it.

Mr. Lavery is a disciple of Whistler, and holds some of the "Butterfly's" uncompromising opinions about art. Like Whistler, he is disposed to believe that portrait-painting is as good as any other way of expressing the individuality of the artist, and his ideal of a portrait is not that it should be "exactly like," but that it should express some-

constituency, is a place which would be immensely influenced by the consideration that the candidate to represent it were a man already famous on its links. One remembers, by the way, a tragic incident which brought Mr. Wanklyn's family into notice some years ago. His cousin, Mr. John Wanklyn, who was an English banker, was shot dead by a merchant who had some petty grievance against him, in South America—that region of the earth where, if you lose at a game of cards, your opponent settles you with a revolver. Curiously enough, the name of the murderer was Etcheparay, a name familiar to London players as that of the woman who murdered the wicked magistrate in Mr. Arthur Boucher's production of the "Red Robe."

A new book by Mr. Arthur Symons is something of an event in the literary world, and the survivors of the decadent movement, who have most of them turned into successful and beefsteak-eating citizens, are reading with interest, and for the sake of old days, the new book of "Spiritual Adventures." Mr. Symons's life, as dimly reflected in his books, seems to be a pleasing one. Most of the dedications to his books are addressed to famous people whose constant companion he would seem to be, and he has apparently unlimited time for wandering over Europe in search of new impressions.

When he did condescend to inhabit London Mr. Symons used once to be discoverable in a room rather high up in Fountain-court, the Temple, and

there, in a rather disquieting setting of odd pictures and decadent furniture, suggestive of spiritual adventures of a dangerous kind, he used to receive his chosen friends, Verelaine, I think, visited him there, for Mr. Symons was a great admirer of that Bohemian Socrates. Mr. Symons would listen to the talk, and then, in a slightly monotonous, somnolent voice, detail some misty impression of his own. His great defect, as the judicious admit, as a writer, is lack of originality, and someone once unkindly called him "an egoist without an ego." But no doubt, under the many artistic influences to which he has been subjected, which cover his true self like a series of masks, there is originality to be found—only too timid to bustle itself into the notice of men.

Sir Charles Ross, who is at present the host of Prince Arthur of Connaught, is still quite a young man—only thirty-four—and he is considered one of the luckiest members of our baronetage by reason of the wealth and the brains with which fortune has provided him. His genius is mainly inventive, and has shown itself in the discovery of all kinds of new appliances for guns and smaller firearms. The good, simple people near Sir Charles's places in England and Scotland are occasionally horrified by his experiments with the various forms of deadly instruments he has invented.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## "RITUALISM" IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Is it to be deplored that we see acts of ritual in our magnificent Abbey? What, I think, is to be regretted is the absence of outward expression of worship.

How often could one wander all over the Abbey and not see a single person kneeling in devotion? This is not so in Continental cathedrals.

Surely this shows that we English Christians do not realise that God's house is meant to be a "house of prayer." CHRISTIAN.

## BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY METHODS.

May I point out to "Disgusted and Dissatisfied Policy-Holders"?

Firstly. That no man can attain to a high position in the insurance world without giving proof of the highest integrity and undoubted administrative ability.

Secondly. Having attained that position, he is responsible for the successful carrying-on of an institution the failure of which would be, in the case of most offices, a national calamity.

Thirdly. The average remuneration for this responsibility, I venture to say, would be about £2,500 a year to chief officials, or a less sum than is earned annually by many local purveyors of bacon, eggs, and butter, or dealers in chiffon, lace, and ladies' corsets.

Let "Disgusted and Dissatisfied" ponder over this. AN OLD POLICY-HOLDER.

Linzee-road, Hornsey, N.

## THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

Telephone operators are drawn mainly from the class of girls who have fathers and brothers who could, and would, keep them at home in idleness if they wished to be idle.

I grant that the telephone affords ample opportunities for unconventionalities of all sorts, but if the subscriber would remember that the person at the other end has as much right to be treated politely as his own sisters, this danger would be considerably minimised.

It is hardly likely that a girl treated in a proper manner would retaliate with rudeness. M. C.

Hamstead.

I quite agree with "C. H. F." that telephone girls are regarded with contumely, and yet the majority of them can, as a matter of fact, compare favourably with any of the "ladies" who follow other professions—typewriters, lady clerks, etc.

Is not this state of affairs due to the "pervers that be" in connection with the telephone service? They treat their girl employees as so many machines, and put practically no restrictions in the way of men subscribers talking to them (as very frequently happens) in an offensively familiar and objectionable manner.

It is no fault to any young girl to place her in such a position that officious office boys, or older "bouncers" can address her with impunity as "My dear," or talk to her as if she were a barmaid, while, if she attempts to hold her own, the subscriber can report her for "insolence." RING OFF.

Lynette-avenue, S.W.

## IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 26.—The garden that does not hold any of the bright, early-flowering chrysanthemums must be a dreary place to-day. Many a gay bunch of these charming flowers (almost unimpaired by recent frosts) can be picked. With a little attention they will last quite two weeks in water.

Now is the time when most garden plants can be moved with safety. If this is done at once, they will take a firm hold of the ground before winter comes (for the soil still contains some of summer's warmth), and they will be better able to withstand severe weather than if moved late in November.

E. F. T.



# Pictorial News

## EARLY VOTERS AT HAMPSTEAD YESTERDAY.



When the poll opened at eight o'clock yesterday morning at Hampstead many hastened to vote. The photograph shows an elector actually placing his vote in the ballot-box. The rival candidates have canvassed most strenuously.

## KING'S MESSAGE TO BALACLAVA HEROES.



The survivors of the famous Light Brigade celebrating the fifty-first anniversary of Balacava. During the banquet a message was received from the King in answer to the veterans' message. This photograph was specially taken by flashlight by the *Daily Mirror*. Twenty out of the fifty survivors were present. The chair was taken by Mr. Justice Bucknill, supported by the Earl of Cardigan and Mr. T. H. Roberts.

## PLAYING AT WAR: KAISE



Typical photograph of the German Emperor (in the centre) on horseback. He evinced a keen interest in the operations and closely followed and criticised out the mistakes made by the various

## PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AND THE CR



Prince Arthur of Connaught, marked with a +, watching the movements of German troops. The Prince has been entrusted with the important mission of vesting the Emperor of Japan with the Order of the Garter, which is the decoration at the disposal of the King.

## STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS AT T



On the left is a remarkable photograph of the Duchess of Marlborough given by her brother, Mr. W. Vanderbilt, jun. On the right is Lancia, other competitors, but collided with another car, and so finished last.

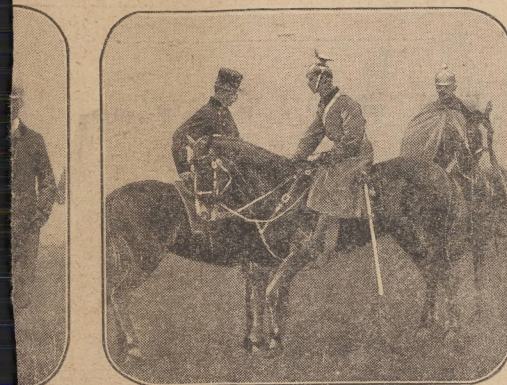


## R DIRECTS SHAM FIGHT.



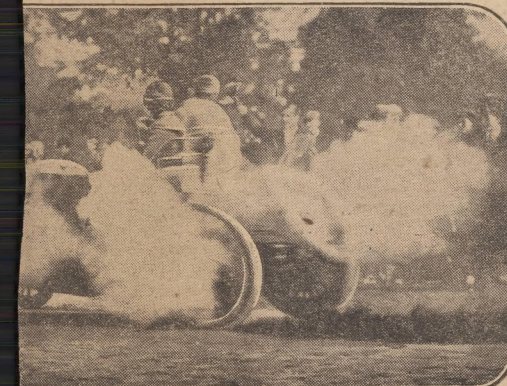
surrounded by his officers. Throughout the manoeuvres the Kaiser every movement. At the end of the day's work he frequently pointed his commanding officers.

## OWN PRINCE AT THE GERMAN MANOEUVRES.



In the foreground the German Crown Prince discussing the fortunes of the day with a foreign attaché. Like his father, he is a keen soldier, and is very popular with his brother officers.

## E VANDERBILT CUP RACE.



thing with breathless interest the incidents of the race for the cup pulling at seventy miles an hour. He was thirty miles ahead of the smoke and dust show the great speed at which he was travelling.

# Cameragraphs.

## NEW "FATHER DAMIEN."



Mr. W. H. P. Anderson, the young Canadian accountant, who leaves London to-day to take up missionary work amongst the lepers at Chandkuri, in India.

## HEIR TO ALL THE TROUBLE.



The baby Tsarevitch, heir to a country racked with anarchy. His capital is isolated and threatened with famine, and mob-law has been proclaimed. The whole kingdom is panic-stricken.

## RECORD LETTER-WRITER.



Mr. Algernon Ashton, who has collected his 525 letters written to various newspapers into one volume, under the modest title of "Truth, Wit, and Wisdom."

## MR. H. B. IRVING'S REAPPEARANCE.



As Lieutenant von Lauffen in the production of "Lights Out" at the Waldorf, Mr. H. B. Irving received a hearty reception. The play was to have been produced a few nights ago, but, owing to Sir Henry Irving's death, his son postponed it until Wednesday last.—(Bassano.)

## EDUCATION MUFFLED.



Startling photograph of Education, one of the figures to be placed on the Gladstone memorial in the Strand. It was wrapped in swaddling clothes to ensure its safety during its journey to the Strand. The memorial will be unveiled on November 4.



## MR. H. G. WELLS'S PICTURE OF A PARVENU.

Some Children's Books for the  
Coming Christmas.

### OUR LIBRARY LIST.

Mr. H. G. Wells's "Kipps" (Macmillan, 6s.) is a very amusing story written with an underlying serious purpose.

It is about a draper's assistant who unexpectedly comes into a fortune of £1,200 a year. He is a poor creature without an idea in his head, and his only idea of putting his money to the best use is to learn to be a gentleman. His efforts in this direction are most entertaining.

He has no idea whatever how people behave or talk or dress. To all remarks made to him he replies "That's just it." He carefully learns out of a book of manners that a call should not last more than half an hour, yet his first call lasts two hours. He can never eat anything outside his own house because he doesn't feel sure that he knows how to eat in the proper way.

All the same he manages to get engaged to a rather clever, attractive girl. How he does it he never quite knows, and as soon as he has done it he begins to regret it. She is an ambitious young woman. She hopes to make Kipps presentable, and to devote his £1,200 a year to making herself the leading light of a literary set in London.

Kipps does not like the process of being made presentable. It means much mending, which he fears and hates. It means tea-parties, at which he feels like a rabbit among a pack of greyhounds. It means even dinner-parties, where they give him so many knives and forks and glasses that his head swims. Also it means dropping his old friends, the only ones with whom he really feels at home.

So at last he makes a bolt of it, and marries a pretty perfunctory, who was his sweetheart in childhood's day, and lives happily ever after, even though he does try to build a house, and though he is sometimes worried by thoughts of the lost splendour of being a gentleman.

All this is told in a very humorous way. You feel you know Kipps through and through, and his

little wife, too, and the whisky-drinking actor whose plays he finances (a most lifelike sketch), and the awful man who undertakes to teach him good manners. The ambitious young woman is not so clearly realisable. I fancy Mr. Wells must have been in two minds whether to make her charming or detestable. As it is, she remains a little of each.

And the moral of the story? Oh, that you can discover for yourself.

#### TWO AUTHORS FROM THE NORTH.

The first story in the new book by Mr. J. J. Bell, author of "Wee Macgregor," is something like that part of "Kipps," where the hero has such an unhappy time at a big London hotel. "Mr. Lion of London" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.) also has adventures at an hotel, one of which is ordering a bottle of green Chartreuse to drink with dinner because he has never seen a wine list before. But Mr. Lion on the whole enjoys himself, which is more than Kipps ever did in his "gentleman" days. Mr. Bell's tales are unpretentious, but there is capital stuff in them—humour and pathos both.

I cannot pretend to have read Mr. S. R. Crockett's "The Cherry Ribs" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), but I have casually inspected it here and there, and it looks all right. I don't fancy Mr. Crockett improves as he goes on, but perhaps his large circle of readers like him better as he is. This tale is about the time when the Scottish Presbyterians were being persecuted in James II.'s time. There seems to be love and excitement on every page.

#### A FEW OTHER BOOKS.

"This book has been written for the especial benefit of those men and women who wish to be liked and admired and are not." That is the opening sentence of "The Secret of Popularity" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). Miss Emily Ho. must be very popular herself if she observes all her own rules. She is evidently American, and in the United States this kind of book has generally a wide vogue. For my part, I find it rather silly.

Mr. Harold Begbie is a great hand at interviewing and he has done well to republish the articles he wrote about a number of well-known people, grouped together as "Master Workers" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). They make a very readable book.

"All Abroad," by B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock, 6s.). "This is the story," says the author, beginning with a rush, "of a trip round the world." It

is a trip, here described in a fairly entertaining manner, taken by three lucky people who win a competition in "The Sixpenny Coloured Pictorial," and get six months' travel as a reward. They travel rather in the cockney spirit of Mr. Jerome's objectionable "Three Men in a Boat," with a view to the more obviously humorous incidents on the way, and probably with a good deal of noise. You can always tell by a man's book whether he is noisy or not, and we are certain that these high-spirited travellers must have unfavourably impressed the natives of South Africa, India, China, and the other places they "did" out of their prize-money.

The first part of "The Bookman's Illustrated History of English Literature" (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s. a part), makes it clear that the work will be one of real value to the student. Dr. Robertson, Mr. Noll and Mr. Saccombe seem to know just what is wanted, and their illustrations are quite exceptionally good. The Rev. W. J. Dawson's "Makers of English Fiction" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a useful book, too. Mr. Dawson, I notice, ranks Thomas Hardy above George Meredith as a novelist. I quite agree. I wonder whether posterity will.

#### THE CHILDREN'S SEASON.

If you want to give a little boy or girl a pretty book of fairy tales at Christmas you cannot make a better choice than "Kingdoms Curious" (Heinemann, 6s.). The stories are by Miss Mary Hamilton (a step-daughter of Mr. Pinero, by the way). They are full of ingenious marvels, such as all nice children love, and they are written quite simply, as fairy tales should be. They are also very daintily and amusingly illustrated.

Another delightful little collection of stories for children is "Once Upon a Time" (Fisher, Unwin, 1s.). They are translated from the Italian and told in a charming way.

It would be hard to praise "Lilliput Revels and Impossibilities" by W. B. Rands (John Lane, 6s.) with sincerity, for its rhymes (it is a book of little plays and fantasies in verse) are almost sensationally pointless. Sometimes, too, they make the mistake, made often in these days when so many think it fashionable to love children but so few really understand them, of associating vulgar things, the common sights of the "gro-gro" world, with the dreams of the Golden Age. Here, for instance, is the sort of humour discoverable:

There was a young man up at Camberwell,  
Whose pride and whose joy was to clamber well;

To lunge-board of 'bus

He could leap without fuss,

That lively young man up at Camberwell.

Almost as brilliant as last year's pantomime, is it not? H. H. F.

## ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

### CHAPTER LV.

She hath vowed—and she must pay.

"I can't believe you," Lady Ursula said. "I cannot listen to you. It is not true—she is a Valence." Then suddenly she stamped her foot with violent impetuosity.

"Tell me again! Tell me more! She has been getting on. You are sure she is quite sure?"

"Dear friend," said the priest soothingly, "I implore you not to allow this to prey upon your mind. It is inexplicably painful to me to have to be the bearer of these tidings, but I cannot, I dare not, fail in what I consider my duty towards you, my generous friend and benefactor. It is true, it is only too true, alas! that Miss Valence has been in communication with this young man, that she has seen him several times during the last month. It is also true, alas! that Canon Valence appears to encourage the meetings of the two young people, and is himself in constant communication with Mr. Dangerville. Dr. Mortimer, too, has purposely arranged that they shall meet at his house."

A flash of Lady Ursula's old spirit scorched the priest, as she turned her burning eyes on his smooth, dark face.

"You have been spying on her!"

"Dear friend," he said, with humility, "the task is not an agreeable one. Did I not undertake it at your bidding, in order that the poor young girl might be saved from the terrible sin of breaking her solemn vow?" Again he turned away his head to hide a sneering smile.

"It is true," Lady Ursula muttered. "It is for her good—for her good. She must be saved, she must be saved!"

"This very day a meeting has been arranged," he went on in his suave, soothing voice. "I saw Mr. Dangerville's motor-car drive up to the Vicarage. I saw him enter the house. I waited nearly half an hour, but he did not come out. At this very moment he is probably with her."

"How do I know," murmured the fanatic, "that she has not already broken her vow? What shall I do? How shall I save her?" Her voice rang out sharply. "She must come here. I shall insist, you must help me—we must get her here. She will be safe then, only then."

This was what Father Connelly had been waiting for.

"Dear friend," he said, and the anxiety in his voice was by no means disguised. "What you give me for what I am going to say? I speak from a strong sense of duty, and because your welfare and that of this beautiful institution are so very near to my heart. Do you think that Miss Valence would be a good influence in this place? Do you think that a nature that falls so easily into temptation could ever be fit to lead this

slightly life, to rule over this Sisterhood? You have them good enough to confide in me, to tell me that this was in your mind. But is it not possible that through your natural affection for one of your own blood you have made a mistake that might have the most far-reaching effects—that might—"

"What do you want me to do?" Lady Ursula interrupted sharply. "Abandon her? Leave her to go on her own sinfully way to destruction? No! I must save her. I must think! I must think! Leave me now, Father. I must think how I can save her."

The priest rose, and a gleam of cunning came into his eyes.

"Whatever you decide upon, I am sure, will be right, dear friend," he said unctuously. "Before I go now, tell me news of my sister? Was I not right? Is she not an ardent spirit and a faithful soul?" He seemed to wait with intense eagerness for the answer.

"Yes, yes," said Lady Ursula, absently. "Sister Sheila is one of us—of the elect. I find her full of zeal; she is growing very dear to me. But go now, Father. Go now!"

When he had bowed himself out, Lady Ursula hurried into her oratory. The little room rang with her groans and prayers, as she battled for the soul that she had of her own mortal will set apart for what she thought was the life of the elect. She had lost all vestige of self-restraint; her whole being was but one incurable desire to gain her end; she racked herself to and fro, she grovelled on the marble floor, she cried out the awful imaginings that filled her unbalanced mind.

"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out! He is with her now! She will destroy herself! She must be saved! If thy right eye offend thee slay the body—the vile body—to save the soul!"

Presently she came out again. She appeared quite calm. She sat down and wrote a letter and, summoning a lay sister, told her to drive with it into Stoke Magnus and give it into the hands of Miss Valence at the Vicarage, and wait with the carriage and bring Miss Valence back with her.

Then she went back into the oratory, and, when another lay sister brought in a cup of tea about an hour later, she found Lady Ursula stretched on the floor in a dead faint.

### CHAPTER LVI.

"So it is good-bye, Sabra? For the last time—you are determined to ruin our lives—and it is good-bye?"

"Oh, Dick, you are cruel! You know that it breaks my heart. But what can I do?"

"Then it is good-bye. You will not see me again for years."

"You are really going away?"

"I am going as far away as I can—to the other

end of the world, to try to forget you." He laughed bitterly. His face was white and stern. In the girl's eyes was an intolerable anguish. "I have given you time," he went on. "For a month your uncle and Dr. Mortimer have helped me to try to persuade you that you are wrong. But it is no good; and so there is nothing for me to stay for."

"Oh, Dick! Your father!"

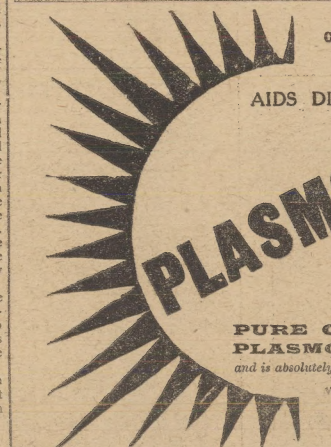
"My father will stay at the castle. He understands."

"I am so glad that you will keep the castle," she said, with a sudden warmth in her voice. "Is it quite settled, Dick?"

"I saw Swindover yesterday," he answered moodily. "Yes, it is settled now. I'm going to keep it for my father's sake, and because his daughter wished it. Swindover is a terrible sight."

He can only make a few sounds, and he can just move one of his arms a little. I told him that I

(Continued on page 13.)



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**PLASMON COCOA** .. 66.0 ..

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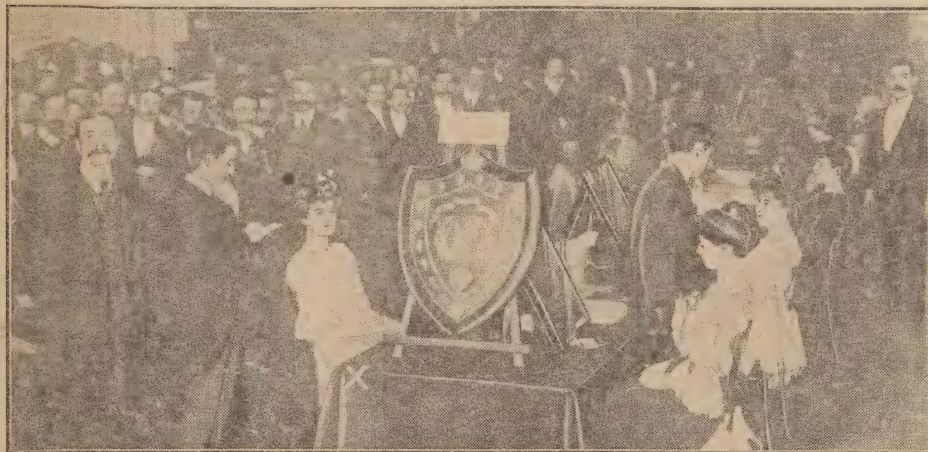


## OPENING OF BOURNEMOUTH GOLF LINKS.



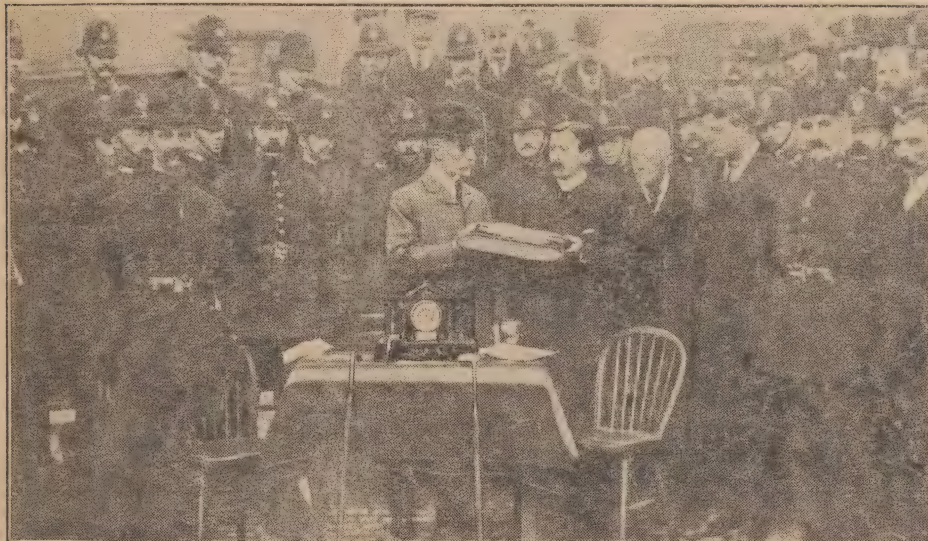
New golf links at Bournemouth, the second laid out by the corporation, have just been opened. Scotland (represented by Braid and Hord) defeated England (Taylor and Vardon). The central figures, reading from left to right, are: J. H. Taylor, J. Braid, H. Vardon, and Alex. Hord.

## HAIRDRESSING COMPETITION—SEASON'S FASHIONS.



The winner of the "medium" hairdressing competition at Portman Rooms. Immediately the prize was adjudged a rush was made by all the spectators to examine and see the fashion which is to be in vogue during this season. The picture was taken by flashlight by the "Daily Mirror." The winning coiffure is shown by a cross.

## PRESENTATION TO THREE PLUCKY MEN FOR HELPING THE POLICE.



Mr. Olive, superintendent of the X Division, at the Notting Dale Police Station, presenting Messrs. Chapman, Donald, and Lee with suitable mementos of their plucky conduct in helping P.S. Carter and P.C. Collar when assaulted by a crowd of ruffians.

## YOUR NERVES

Fact?, Suggestions and Advice for Those Who Are Run Down.

Are your nerves right? Have you plenty of energy, go, and vigour? Or are you suffering from lack of nerve force and vitality? Do you find that you shrink from responsibility, or are wanting in pluck in difficult or trying situations? If so, your work and even your recreation is putting a heavy strain on you and robbing life of its brightness and pleasure. But it will not stop here. The strain on your nerves will at last become intolerable, and nervous breakdown is simply a matter of time.

## HOW THE NERVES BECOME DISORDERED.

Every moment in the day the body is being worn away, and at the same time it is being constantly renewed. In the same manner as physical exertion wears the muscles away, worry, anxiety, study, and the strain of business life wear away brain and nerve tissue. Obviously, both muscular and nerve tissue needs to be restored by rest and

food as fast as it is worn away, and if you are thoroughly healthy, and not overworked, this goes on automatically. In many cases, however, the exertion, either of body or brain, is too intense or too prolonged, and the result is that the wearing-away process goes on faster than that of replacement. Physical or mental breakdown consequently ensues. This is how



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the nervous or muscular system gets out of order, and it is our object here to explain the method by which the nervous system may be renewed and nervous collapse prevented.

## HOW YOU FEEL

You feel wearied, worn out, depressed, languid, irritable, and every effort you have to make is a worry and a nuisance. Probably you cannot sleep at night, and when you rise in the morning you feel just as tired as you did the night before, and you would give anything to feel fresh, energetic, and vigorous again. There is really only one way you can do this, and that is by rebuilding the nerve tissue which has been worn away. Stimulants will not help you, but make you worse and nervous breakdown more certain, and general tonics will not help you because they will not renew the lost nerve tissue. This *must* be renewed and your nervous system rebuilt, and failing this no real good will be done and no thorough cure effected. Bishop's Tonules are wonderfully effective in all cases of nerve troubles, as they supply nourishment to the nervous system. That is why they cure and why those who have used them praise them so enthusiastically. Not only do they rebuild the nervous system but they put new vigour into every organ and function of the body, and nourishment for the nerves is easily assimilated from the ordinary food taken.

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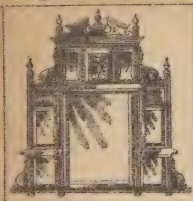
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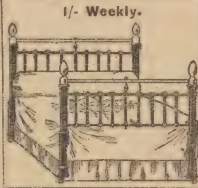
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## TABLE DELICACIES.

## CLEAR SOUP WITH VERMICELLI.

Boil as much clear stock as is required, then gradually stir into it some vermicelli lightly broken. Boil it for ten minutes. Serve some grated parmesan cheese separately with it.

## KING EDWARD'S PUDDING.

Take the weight of three eggs in flour, sugar, and butter. Mix the butter and sugar well together, then the flour, and lastly the eggs, and one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Grease a cake-tin well, divide the mixture into two parts, and bake them in separate tins in a quick oven. When cooked place them on a strainer to cool. Then take a tablespoonful of whisky, one of sherry, and one of liqueur, and pour it over the cakes. Take half a pint of whipped cream, and a few chopped almonds, and place some of the cream and almonds on one side of the cake. Cover it with the other piece, pour the rest of the cream over the top and

it looks like pearls on the surface. Flavour it with vanilla, and, after working all vigorously together, rub it through a coarse wire sieve on to a dish.

When dish it up, first pile half a pint of whipped cream in the centre of the compote dish,

carefully strew the vermicellied chestnuts upon this, and garnish it with some syruped oranges that have been soaked in maraschino.

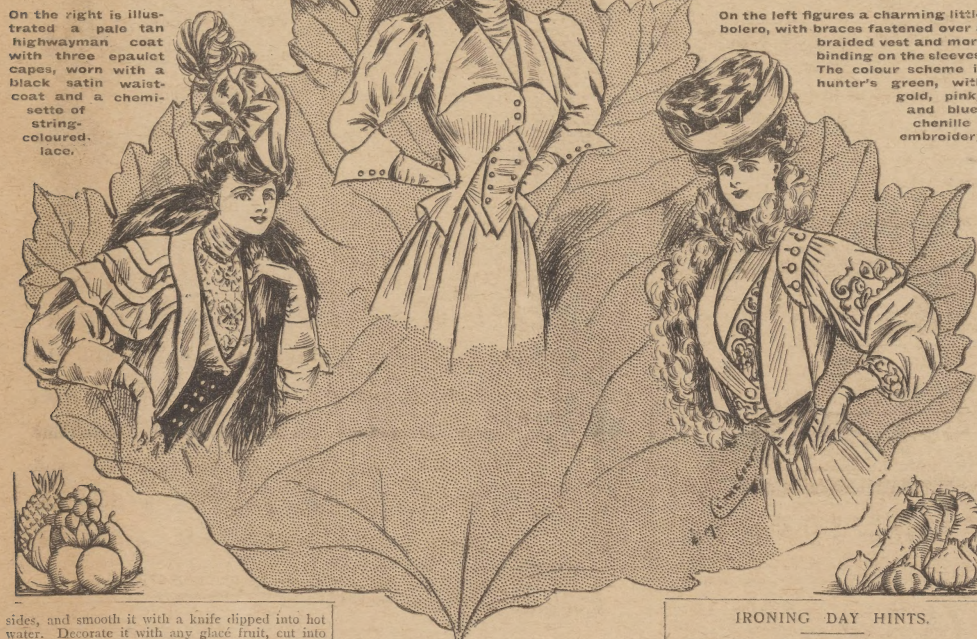
## TONGUE FOR BREAKFAST.

Procure a nice pickled or smoked ox-tongue, and simmer it slowly for two and a half hours. When it is cooked place it in cold water, remove the skin. When it is cold trim and glaze it. Decorate it with aspic jelly, and place a paper frill round the root of it.

## FOWL A L'INDIENNE.

Steam a fowl in the ordinary way with one pint of stock, and when it is cooked remove it from the stewpan and put it away in a cold larder. Use the liquor to make one pint of white sauce, and put with it  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of singlass, a little Indian pickle cut into small long pieces, a few drops of the vinegar, and lastly half a gill of thick cream. Stir it well and pour it over the fowl. Baste it until the sauce is all on, and decorate it with beetroot cut into shapes and stoned olives.

On the right is illustrated a pale tan highwayman's coat with three epaulet capes, worn with a black satin waistcoat and a chemise of string-coloured lace.



On the left figures a charming little bolero, with braces fastened over a braided vest and more binding on the sleeves. The colour scheme is hunter's green, with gold, pink, and blue chenille embroidery.

Undeniably trim and smart is the coatee depicted above. The way in which the fronts are cut away to reveal the double-breasted gilet is most becoming, and the lapels are the new generously pointed ones, to match which is the mission of the cuffs.

## IRONING DAY HINTS.

Starching that is properly done lessens the work of ironing, hence these hints. To make delicate fabrics look like new, boil one cupful of rice in three quarts of water, drain it and use the water for starch. Wet the clothes in this, wring them, roll them in a dry cloth for an hour or two, then iron them. Starch of all kinds should be allowed to become lukewarm before being used, for hot starch turns dainty colours dark and ruins them.

sides, and smooth it with a knife dipped into hot water. Decorate it with any glace fruit, cut into squares, and some pistachio nuts, skinned and chopped into long pieces.

## COMPUTE OF CHESTNUTS.

Remove the outer husks of 2lb. of chestnuts and let them simmer in a quart of milk and water until cooked. Drain them well on a sieve, and cook them in a sugar boiler containing 12oz. of sugar till

## ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

had made up my mind to accept the castle, and asked him to signify that he still held to his offer. He just nodded, but his eyes looked as if they hated me. He hated everybody. They say he still has the most marvellous power of conducting his business, and he still grows richer and richer, and yet he has nothing at all. It is dreadful; everything here in England's dreadful. I can't stand it any longer. You won't see. I'm beginning to think you can't care. Why, to-day, I've been talking to you for more than two hours! But it's no good. You won't listen to anybody—not to men who know life and who are good and honourable, not to me, who love you and whom you say you love—only to your aunt, who is practically a mad-woman."

"Oh, Dick!" the girl's voice was a moan. "Can't you see, it's breaking my heart?"

A knock at the door interrupted her. A maid brought in Lady Ursula's letter. She informed her mistress that the lady sister was waiting in the brougham.

Sabra read the letter through.

"I must go to her," she said, as if to herself. And then turned to Dick. "It is from my Aunt Ursula. She wants to speak to me very particularly. I must go. Poor Aunt Ursula, she is not well, I think, she has been very strange lately. I must go to her."

"You only think of her," the young man said, with bitter emphasis.

"Oh, Dick, how cruel you are! But, you see, I must go. She may be ill; she wants to see me

very particularly. She has been very strange."

"Then it is good-bye?" he asked.

"It must be, Dick—it must be. Oh, how shall I bear it?" For a moment she covered her face, then she held out her hand to him.

"Good-bye, Dick, and God bless you."

"Good-bye, Sabra. There is no blessing for me. You have made it impossible."

His young voice was hard. He hardly looked at her as he turned to go. He did not kiss her, but his grip of her hand made her cry out. Her eyes followed him with unpeaking yearning. With him went her joy, her tenderness, her womanhood.

A few moments later she was sitting beside the lady sister in her aunt's brougham. She was wrapped in a strange chill; she had nothing to hope for; there was nothing she wanted.

Dick Dangerville drove his car to Dr. Mortimer's house. The little man was not at home, but Dick waited, and in about half an hour the doctor came in. It was the rarest occurrence for him to come home before dinner; afterwards both men knew that there was a purpose in it, a purpose higher than their own.

"I have come to say good-bye," said Dick. "I'm going away to-morrow—round the world. I'm tired of this; I can't stand it."

"Does Miss Sabra know?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

"I left her just before I came here, about half an hour ago. Nothing will move her. She was called away while I was there to the Abbey. Lady Ursula sent a messenger in a carriage. She most particularly wanted to see Sabra—and Sabra went. She seems to think she has no duty to anyone but her aunt, although she practically admits that Lady Ursula is mad."

The little doctor started to his feet.

"Look here, Dangerville," he cried. "You'll probably think I'm mad. But never mind—do what I tell you. Come with me."

"Come where with you?" asked Dick.

"To the Abbey," said Dr. Mortimer quickly. All at once he had cast aside his bluff, cheery manner, and betrayed unmistakable anxiety. "I tell you, you'll probably think me mad, but I'm afraid. I don't like it."

"Good God, man!" cried Dick, white and startled. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know," answered the little doctor sturdily. "I don't like this business of Miss Sabra having been sent for like this. I saw Anna Montgomerie yesterday, and what she told me about Lady Ursula's condition gave me a very nasty impression."

"Do you think she means to do her harm? Why? Why?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "But, between you and me, I think she is a raving lunatic, and—do you believe in presentiments, Dangerville?"

"I don't know. For heaven's sake, let us start. We are wasting time."

(To be continued.)

## Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

Grey haired, sparse of hair, or actually bald, you stand at a tremendous disadvantage in life. Nothing detracts from youthful appearance so much as lack of hair. Yet there is no form of offended nature so easy to cure.

## Mr. Geo. R. Sims

made it so. He himself was exercised when he found a tendency to baldness. But not for long. With the assistance of medical specialists of his acquaintance he discovered a cure. That cure he registered under the title of *Tatcho*. Tatcho solved his difficulty. Tatcho will solve yours. There is a reason why Tatcho should appeal to everybody—to business men and women a very special reason. That reason is the appalling effect greyness, loss of hair, or actual baldness exercises on

## Business Life.

This has lately occupied the serious attention of the Press and trade organs of nearly every industry in the kingdom. Those who have studied the trend of customs enforced in our largest commercial houses will tell you that to a greater extent than even mental or physical incapacity greyness and baldness have been

## The Knockout Blow

to thousands of careers. Now those engaged in pursuits in which youthful appearance is a sine qua non (and in what business is it not?) cannot do better than take the cue from the Army and Navy. Officers high in authority say that greyness and baldness are *thanks to Tatcho*, now practically unknown both in officers and rank and file. You are, by using Tatcho,

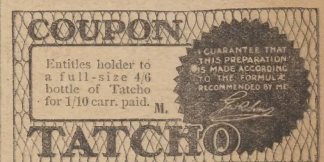
## Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

greyness, or actual baldness. A touch of Tatcho occasionally is all that is required. Tatcho is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a

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